

# the Oman

April 7th, 2011

Vol. 36  
Issue 4



WE'VE SOLD  
OUT!

Issue 4

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2011

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Prepared in Delaware on live  
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## Editing Staff

Ian McEwen

Covered in BEEEEEEEESSSS  
Stephen Morton

Redheaded  
Stephanie Schmidt

Appalachian  
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Wittier than me  
Evan Silberman

Supple  
Sarah Mook

Burly, but kind  
Ben Batchelder

Three elbows, inside-out  
Greg Larsen

Microwave-safe  
Tatiana Soutar

Moist  
Dana Mendes

Economically disadvantaged  
Devin Morse

Smart, creative, with a good sense of  
humor

Chilean miners:  
Child Labor.  
Buried underground.  
Equipped with pickaxes

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

# EDITORIAL

by Ian McEwen

Why hello there, everyone. I'm your friendly Omen editorial-writer, and I'm here to talk about tunnels.

There are all kinds of tunnels. There's the mythical (nonexistant) tunnel between Merrill C and Dakin K; there's the very real tunnel between Merrill B and Merrill C, which up until a couple weeks ago I thought was equally mythical (and thus very much lamented the lot of those poor Merrill C denizens who had to walk out in the cold to get to the laundry room, not like all of Greenwich and Enfield and Prescott doesn't

have to but WHAT EVER.

I'm here to talk to you about secret tunnels.

Specifically:  
secret Internet tunnels.  
Y'all should really use SSH.  
It's pretty dope; I can do badass things like copy music from my desktop sitting in my room with it, and Stephen Morton can do obnoxious things like open all the pro-

## Secret Tunnels

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or Ian McEwen, Box 286.

grams in the Applications folder on the Omen's computer with it.

By the way, never do that to anyone. It's really annoying.

The best part of SSH, in any case, is that it's secret: all your traffic is encrypted. Should you find yourself in a high-school setting with ridiculous content blocking: SSH to the rescue! Anywhere else, at least you can be sure nobody's spying on you at least as far as

where you're SSHing to, although you should also use HTTPS because it's also pretty dope and will protect that variety of traffic the rest of the way.

Anyway, this has been your irregular semi-educational Omen editorial.

Submit to the Omen, please! omen@hampshire.edu

We love you!



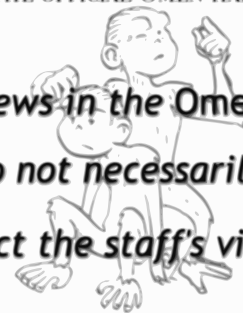
The Omen: Accepting submissions from everyone.  
Full of penises.  
Stapled at the spine.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



The Omen Haiku

Hunting in Oregon Trail: You can only carry back 200lbs.

Submit

# SECTION SPEAK

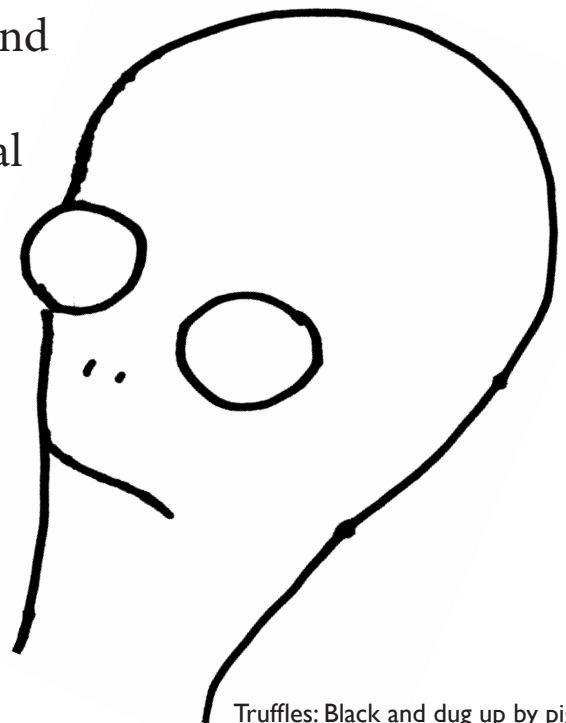
## Things you overhear at a robotics competition

by Nathan Whitmore

- “Huge-ass potentiometer”
- “Team 114 receives a penalty for attacking the referee”
- “Our battery just pulled a Japanese nuke plant”
- “If any team has a spare flux capacitor, please bring it to team 1678’s pit”
- “The fuck?! That should be like, the LEAST flammable part of the robot!”
- “WHERE WERE YOU?! We called you 10 minutes ago!”
- “The hallway was blocked by people dancing in fruit costumes”
- “The duct tape broke so I reinforced it with duct tape”
- “Their bot just kind of stumbled around drunkenly”
- “If things fall out of it, it’s a mechanical problem. If it’s smoking, it’s an electrical problem. If it runs around destroying things, it’s a programming problem”



My Dogs/Dawgs:  
They come when I call.  
The neighbors call to make sure  
I’m not beating them [at Catan, of  
course].  
Standing vigil over my grave for ten  
years



Truffles: Black and dug up by pigs.

Oregon Trail:  
Dead of Diphtheria.  
I get to pick their occupation!  
Watching my friends die.  
Meager Rations & Grueling Pace  
The entire class has a turn.

## from SFU submitted by Rebecca Siegel

Statement on the rights of employees of Hampshire College to unionize

Submitted by Marlene Gerber Fried, Interim President, Hampshire College March 2, 2011

In response to concerns brought to me by the Students for the Freedom to Unionize and other constituencies on campus, I am issuing the following statement, which has also been endorsed by a unanimous vote of the Monday Group (senior administrators and academic deans), on the rights of employees of Hampshire College to unionize:

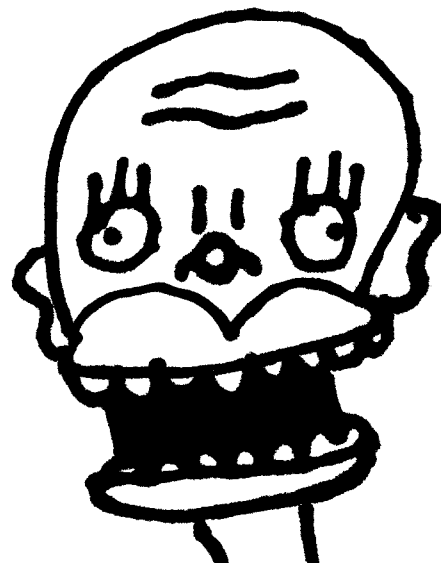
Hampshire College recognizes that the right to organize is legally protected and the College is bound to adhere fully to the provisions of labor law. Further, the College is committed to ensuring that the climate at the College enables its employees to engage in open discussion, debate, and education about unionization.

Although I cannot speak for, nor commit, any future administrations, during my tenure as president of Hampshire, to ensure that the above statement is implemented, I pledge to adhere to the following specific points:

- Neither the employment nor the advancement of any Hampshire staff member will be compromised because they have engaged in discussion or other activities about union organizing.
- No officers or employees of the College will use threats of job losses to discourage or encourage unionization.
- Hampshire College will not itself engage in practices which impede staff organizing, nor will it hire outside entities whose purpose is to impede staff organizing.
- Channels of campus communication that are regularly open to staff, faculty, and students shall remain available to all employees to express their views about unionization.

Students for the Freedom to Unionize (SFU) would like to thank Marlene for her verbal solidarity with the staff members of Hampshire College. Additionally, we hope that this message from Marlene will act as a reminder to the presidential search committee and strategic planning committee of the imperative of keeping staff rights in mind when planning for the future of Hampshire College.

We would like to take this opportunity to emphasize SFU's commitment to increased communication between staff members and students so that we can be sure that all members of our community share the same feelings of safety and well being on campus. One of the most shocking realizations for us was hearing of the discrepancies in working environment between departments. With at least four of our physical plant staff members injured and an increased workload for them because of all the upcoming events in April, we fear for their continued safety. As students, we can act as advocates for their safety by taking their lead on any initiative they show to improve their working conditions. We would like to thank them for their hard work and physical labor that keeps our school running and looking good. If you are interested in advocating for staff rights on campus join SFU's weekly meeting on Monday nights at 5:30 in FPH! 🧑‍🎓



Cell Phone:  
On silent or vibrate.  
Jailbroken.  
  
Jeans:  
Acid washed and distressed

# SECTION LIES

## Jetpacks Teleporters Hampshire College



*“To know about jetpacks is not enough.”*

Dear friends in Hampshire College Administrative Network,

We hope this letter finds you well. Herein lies a proposal for our grant. In passing years, we have noticed a starking contrast between the five college in terms of technology and grants and relations between the two. Most notably, amongst these aforementioned factions of our school is the apparent and starking lack of jetpacks and teleporters on the Hampshire college campus and surrounding area(s).

The jetpack was founded in 1847 as the first ever personal flotation device. Walter H. Jetpacké, a French philosopher and/or scientifier, was notorious amongst his scientific and intillectual community, as a pioneer in the field of jetpackeering. His first flight preceed the Kitty Hawk that Wright Brothers did unto oh so many years ago. This is a marvel of man and his prowess and his kind and his mankid and his man prowess kind.

When Hampshire College was founded in 1900's, it was determined conclusively that Hampshire College, as an academic conservatorium of academic wealth and prosperity, would pertain unto itself the ability to withhold far more jetpacks that would be withheld by neither Amherst, nor UMass, nor Smith, nor Holyoke. And neither would any of those four schools withhold more transteleporters than Hampshire College. So they tought! Herein lies change for all things Hampshire and Hampshire related. We beseech upon thee all oust thous too manifest our destinies as Hampshire College as the most jetpackily and transteleportily college of all time.

Imagine. If you will. A day. Upon whence there upin yon theresmith bethwixt twine jelly. Yes jetpacks. Yes transteleporters. Wilst worths have been spilled uponeth MacBook Pros. We dcree that upon this fifth of Mayeth, Jetpacks ans Transteleporters shall be knownst to all Hampshire Students and Five College Student of Color. Affirmitive action shall be aplicitated via jetpack via Hampshire Collegeth.

Sires. Wards and/or lordesses of Hampshire Colleges. We have this technology. I have seen it. It has come upon us over the past few magnificent marvelous years as the newest boon of technology to ever grace our presences.. I have seeneth it uponeth youtube. It has been the realest phonomena ever to graceth our prececes. We are gifted and beloved to experience it.

We are confident you will consider our offer both heavily and headily. We are confident that this is the greatest expenditure hereupon to lieth with yon Hampshire of Colleges to yon von date. Bejiggles! That's how excited I am. Twelve nine four. Interestingly enough, jetpacks are the future. Do you want to be the future? I do. Check it: non statis scire. To know is not enough. **To know about jetpacks is not enough. Also transteleporters.** We have to be jetpacks and be transteleporters. Experience them. Live them. Have them unto all five senses thereuponce thine intertwixteth theen thorefornc! Lechiam! To life!

Yours in estudiness,  
Benjamin von Goldsmort and Samwise tell DéláTaurghé



## The Omen · Vol. 36, #4

Excalibur's semiannual roleplaying tournament Deathfest occurred in FPH on the 2nd of April this semester. He's a little glimpse of what when down. If you find this hilarious and have never gone, you should probably go. WE WILL RETURN TO KILL Y'ALL ON A DATE TO BE ANNOUNCED IN FALL '11.

invictuz\_rara: panicking, here we go again... #deathfest has me by the balls. (3/16/)

invictuz\_rara: @hampshirecolg Excalibur's semiannual event #Deathfest is 4/2 MLH 6PM, check the banner on FPH (3/28)

invictuz\_rara: @hampshirecolg I LIED! The #deathfest banner has been absconded with, BUT THE EVENT STILL RUNS! (3/28)

invictuz\_rara: Impromptu replacement #deathfest banner complete. #fuckthievesinthenight. (3/29)

sykopomp: Going to #deathfest? We'll see you there. At airport. :) (4/1)

invictuz\_rara: #Deathfest prep. WHY DIDN'T I DO THIS EARLIER?

grillerdude: #Deathfest. Learn that shit up phone.

sykopomp: People only just started showing up. Expecting 200+? #deathfest <http://url.ca/3qrm5>

grillerdude: #deathfest

AnotherEcho: Everyone's so faaancy at #deathfest

bitfilms: My absent review of #Deathfest: needs more dying, less tweeting.

Madzteir: Tiers! #deathfest <http://t.co/VmM06p>

sykopomp: Sorry, Evan. #deathfest <3

grillerdude: Not even starting yet and I'm pumped. #deathfest

alexivessmith: #Deathfest , Freakin' START ALREADY YOU LAZY BUMS!

whatnamesfree: #deathfest deathfest is so classy

CourtneyGMiller: #deathfest really needs to start and not keep me here until 3AM again...

grillerdude: Whatever #deathfest it is, its starting

alexivessmith: #Deathfest Please be done before 3AM. PS. STOP TALKING AND LET US PLAY ALREADY!

whatnamesfree: #deathfest happy birthday lucy!

sykopomp: There's an item shop?! #deathfest

AnotherEcho: In the tightrope tier with lauren at #deathfest woooooooo

alexivessmith: #deathfest We are Borg.

## Deathfest Twitter Feed,

invictuz\_rara: @silby just so you know, Ian and I have the #Deathfest music covered.

invictuz\_rara: soon, the killing commences at #Deathfest

silby: #Deathfest tonight dudes. 6pm in the Main Lecture Hall in FPH. All of the coolest kids will be there. Don't get left behind.

grillerdude: 3 hours til #deathfest. Time for a nap.

silby: ack, I'm too hungry to keep making #Deathfest characters, words are not so much flowing out of me

grillerdude: #Deathfest 39 minutes.

AnotherEcho: #deathfest. Yeah.

Madzteir: #deathfest now! No robin, apparently.

sykopomp: At #deathfest. PREPARE FOR BATTLE!!! <http://url.ca/3qrjq>

Madzteir: Overheard at #deathfest: "I definitely mistook you for a lesbian."

sykopomp: No one's actually gotten killed yet. #deathfest <http://url.ca/3qrl3>

rouergue: At my 13th #deathfest. Woah!

sykopomp: The Division Free tier, in all its glory. No enrolled students here. #deathfest <http://url.ca/3qtcu>

whatnamesfree: #deathfest I'm rebecca black and I'm sorry

AnotherEcho: Ssssssss... #deathfest

JABDavies: @grillerdude what is the #deathfest hash tag?

grillerdude: Herb bernstein uses office clutter. #Deathfest

grillerdude: @JABDavies its a D&D ish tourney where you die. Fun. #Deathfest

zaidamus: i am peter the great, emperor of russia. #deathfest

zaidamus: @atomiro are you winning? #deathfest

AnotherEcho: Limericks and clowns. CREEPY limericks. #deathfest

zaidamus: through the power of ballet, alex avoided 4 damage and inflicted 2. and got 100 rubles. #deathfest

automin: Fightin' some clowns. #deathfest

grillerdude: #deathfest Herb is dead T\_T



Madzteir: Currently fighting a monster made of iced-over limbs in an ice hotel. #deathfest

AnotherEcho: Everyone but like three people are stunned for three rounds. "Can I make the clown and the nun kiss?" #deathfest

sykopomp: Name Swallowshy. Is sword swallower earth pony from Soviet Bloc. #deathfest

sykopomp: Curse you, Chris Sommer. #deathfest

zaidamus: get thee to a nunnery! statistician is now a level 5 nun with radioactive powder. #deathfest

zaidamus: i found my bear! he has a tiny hat and a bottle of vodka. #deathfest

AnotherEcho: I have looted runes, the blood of an enemy, and a hand. #deathfest

whatnamesfree: #deathfest only moderate shenanigans

sykopomp: Swallowshy swallowing big spin blade. Is good, da? #deathfest

schmidttothemax: Rotated bullets through the fourth dimension to hit nazi soldiers #deathfest

schmidttothemax: I have died. My nun self is going to meet my husband Jesus in heaven, to join his sexy nun-lady harem #deathfest

schmidttothemax: Death has thwarted my plans to

## Spring 2011 (#deathfest)

set up a flasks filled with orange-radioactive powder emporium #deathfest

schmidttothemax: Emporium also would have sold not killing tier members #deathfest

zaidamus: death by flying razors, vodka, & shards of glass. goodbye my beloved bear! #deathfest

sykopomp: Limbless man has been shuffleboarded under swirling blades. Permanent Resident time? #deathfest

Madzteir: Beaten to death by four mysterious thugs in a case of mistaken identity, whilst partially entwined in an iron door. #deathfest

whatnamesfree: #deathfest I destroyed 4 mercedes but I hunger for more!

grillerdude: #Deathfest Waiting til the dead games start... Ian Cambell's Guide to pleasing your man.

whatnamesfree: #deathfest suggestion for next deathfest dead waiting limbo: firefly...OR the dungeons and dragons movie

sykopomp: Have the dead games started yet? #death-

fest

AnotherEcho: Made it to tier 2! #deathfest

sykopomp: Survived tier I. Time for Tier II! #deathfest

sykopomp: Waiting on intertier skit. #deathfest <http://url.ca/3qwh0>

grillerdude: #deathfest LESS WAITING MORE DEATH

ianmcorvidae: "THOR SMASH MIRROR" #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Player was confused and thought he had to actually cut someone's hair in real life. Also, is a fantastic creeper. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: "THOR NOT SAMSON! HAMMER TIME!" in response to 9-damage hair-cutting incident. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Trying to reduce damage from an elder god ripping off his hand: crit fail. Double damage. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Elder god then fails to hit a clown with said hand. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: "One of them [the clowns] is sorta-

creepily hitting on you! It's sorta a clue!" #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: @invictuz\_rara just so you know, I'm tweeting #deathfest but I don't appear in search results. So yeah.

ianmcorvidae: "Feelin' up the clown and the nun, and making out with both of them." #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: FPS addict is teabagging the dead clown. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: FPS addict is then stunned, mid-teabag. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Thor died. I stole his head. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: I bite the clown. He tastes funny." #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Hit by a van: 1 damage. #deathfest #notdeathfest

ianmcorvidae: @AnotherEcho you've gotten all the loots, I think. Lucky!

ianmcorvidae: "He just ragequit so hard... his spleen sort of went... up" #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Valhalla just rose and killed.. four or five people. Once-per-deathfest skills are the best.

#deathfest

ianmcordvidae: "It kills you, and you owe her two hit points." #deathfest

ianmcordvidae:

Tier 2: Mine #deathfest

grillerdude:  
#deathfest Finally we start the Tier 2/Dead-game thing. 52 minutes on time!

grillerdude:  
@whatnamesfree YES firefly!! #deathfest

invictuz\_rara: #deathfest prizes.

sykopomp: Swallowshy got a prize. For being best earth pony. #deathfest <http://url.ca/3qx16>

sykopomp: This intertier award ceremony is neat. I hope we have time to finish the night... #deathfest

whatnamesfree: #deathfest post tier 1 is much less classy

AnotherEcho: Tier 2 in Las Vegas with Lauren and JB. #deathfest

grillerdude: #deathfest what would Jesus do?

grillerdude: #deathfest seducing a turret?

whatnamesfree: #deathfest changing a light bulb is much more difficult than I thought : so much treachery

grillerdude: #deathfest I'd like to piss on the hygiene officer, then shock my member to send the shock to him. Uhhhhh...

whatnamesfree: #deathfest sending a spam email to the killer robots isn't an ability, it's just an email. Thanks nigerian prince

zaidamus: 15 year old injured bro jesus. #deathfest

rougerogue: Two soviet sword swallowers have a sword swallowing duel. "This is the queerest game of russian roulette i ever seen!" #deathfest

zaidamus: 4 husbands want to adopt jesus, 2 nuns

want to marry him. #deathfest

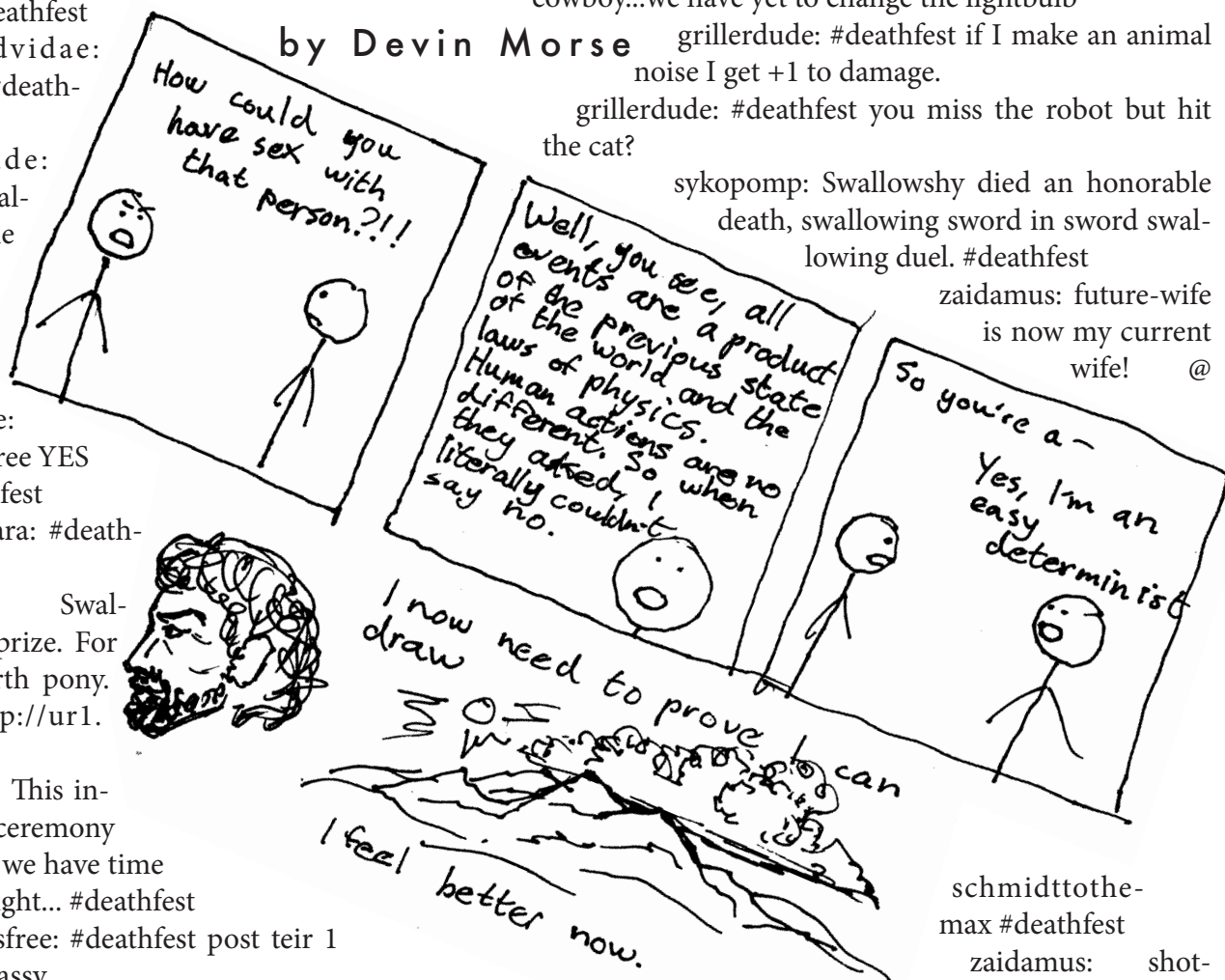
whatnamesfree: #deathfest assimilated & married to mr smith in a double marriage with a rocket scientist/cowboy...we have yet to change the lightbulb

grillerdude: #deathfest if I make an animal noise I get +1 to damage.

grillerdude: #deathfest you miss the robot but hit the cat?

sykopomp: Swallowshy died an honorable death, swallowing sword in sword swallowing duel. #deathfest

zaidamus: future-wife is now my current wife! @



schmidttothemax #deathfest

zaidamus: shot-gunned to death by a gang of priests. #deathfest

whatnamesfree: #deathfest polygamous mr smith cuddle pile in limbo

grillerdude: #deathfest Died by OVERKILL of 6 missiles after using physics powder

whatnamesfree: #deathfest mr smith is now mr tyson

AnotherEcho: TIER 3!!! #deathfest

grillerdude: #deathfest unable to stay for tier 3... hope all have good deaths.

easy\_pearls: Huh, I'll bet #deathfest is still going on, isn't it? And me in my jim-jams, all ready for bed! (Or another episode of Doctor Who... hmm...)

sykopomp: Still alive in our tier: 5 ex-DMs, and a 13-year-old girl. #deathfest

sykopomp: Strength check now... that may change.

#deathfest

sykopomp: "I'm alive! It says here in my sheet I'm alive!" - armless, legless man. #deathfest

sykopomp: Likelihood of being able to talk for the next week: slim to none. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Tier 2. Now we're in Las Vegas. People are inexplicably weirded out that I have claimed three heads and attached them to my body. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Just convinced Caesar that he was doing roman warfare wrong #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: "Can I shoot at the darkness?" #deathfest #magicmissile

ianmcorvidae: "I'm going to belch at the darkness" #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: "Is that like Alexander of Macedonia or something?" "Yeah, distant friend." #deathfest #caesar

ianmcorvidae: "Internships are great!" (as our Pharaoh leader falls into a spike trap) #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: My clown-harem got crushed by a boulder. Sadtimes. #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: Mining through the wall of the Luxor casino with a diamond pickaxe, searching for treasure. #deathfest

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to the end of #deathfest :-P

ianmcorvidae: Died in #deathfest -- unfortunately, I didn't get to take even one turn in Tier 3 before that happened. Sadface :(

ianmcorvidae: "That's what hypnotized people do: they bounce" #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: @peymojo Deathfest is Hampshire's semesterly [simplified] roleplaying tournament. It basically goes until everybody's character dies.

ianmcorvidae: @rougerogue lies, #deathfest never ends early. Well, not since I've been at the school.

ianmcorvidae: co-founder indicates Benjamin Scott Hopkins (of the Benjamin Scott Hopkins Award for Creative Morality) is the true spirit of #deathfest

ianmcorvidae: I got a #deathfest award for collecting four heads (having started as a headless greek statue, of course), and for one of them being Thor's.

silby: oh but Zach said nice things about me at the end that was nice. At least I get to be a #Deathfest old guy now

silby: This thing keeps evolving...to think that my first #Deathfest there was some normal made-up non-m(e/i)metic fantasy storyline about a wedding.

## compiled and submitted by Zachary Clemente

ianmcorvidae: In tier 3, fuck yeah. #deathfest

AnotherEcho: Died in #deathfest, but happily blew up on my way out as any creeper should.

AnotherEcho: Memorable things from tier 3 of #deathfest: "what is that?" "That's a d100... which just rolled a 100."

ssdd3: Wishing I were at #deathfest with @rougerogue and @makel and the rest of the current dying population of Hampshire.

ssdd3: ...Can I win Ultimate Badass in abstentia? #deathfest

rougerogue: Sometimes #deathfest ends early. This is not one of those times.

AnotherEcho: Its after 3:15 am and there are still three people going strong. #deathfest

rougerogue: Late #deathfest is late but cute DM is cute.

silby: my head asplode #deathfest #tired #tired

silby: there should be email for me to read when I return home at 4am after half-heartedly sticking around

invictuz\_rara: thank y'all for an AMAZING #deathfest. now to sleep and never wake up.

## Some PARADISE LOST Fanfic by Dana Mendes

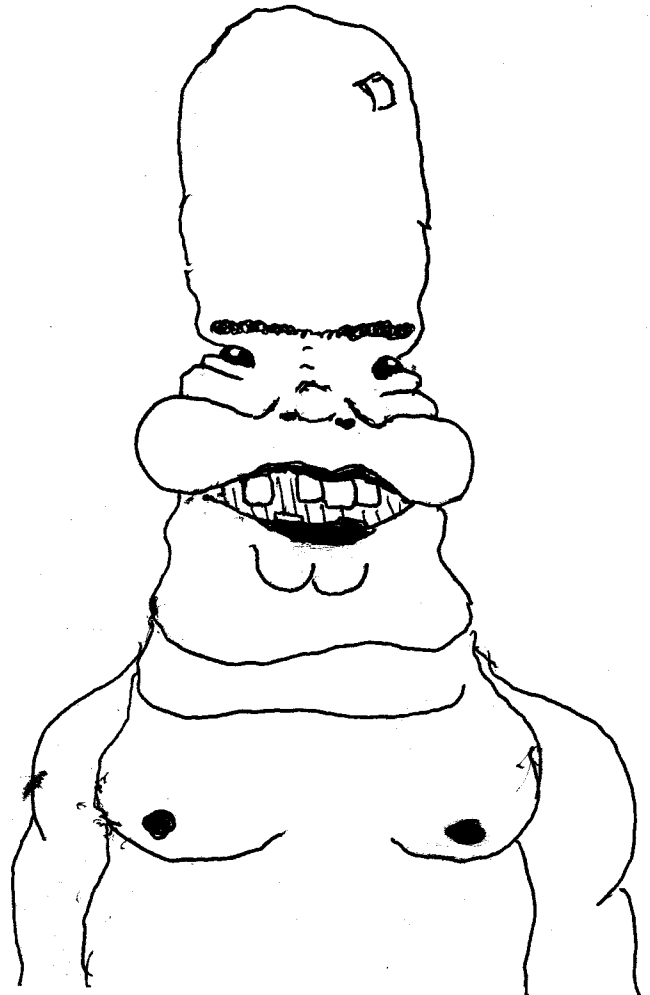
Upon the Adversary's exile,  
When pennants of praise flew from Heav'n's  
Bright walls, golden towers full resplendent  
In glory of sweet holy victory  
Delivered 'gainst opprobrious rebel  
By the One True Lord; named Almighty  
By bitter foe and faithful all,  
A dis'nant zephyr blew out joyous throng  
To mar the angelic's congress rejoicing.  
A solitary figure stood apart  
The mass, in count'nance soft and unthreat'ning  
Yet a steely sight peered forth from sly orbs.  
In temorous tone a call raised from he:

I pray a moment from thee shining Lord,  
To air the question of I and fellows  
Close but cowards not braving to risk thy  
Displeasure. What rejoicing now have we?  
The Enemy lies on the lake of fire  
But lies and lives still, though his treach'rous soul  
And treach'rous host burn and rot in your wrath.  
O Lord, why let rot? Why not let death to  
Them who wither in righteous damnation?  
What spectre of choice may be allowed to  
Haunt the agents of supreme betrayal,  
Whose privilege it was that inspired  
Our disobedient Enemy to  
Height of folly against your service.  
Answer please my great Lord, that your glory  
Be present and apparent to brothers,  
Assembled here to wait on your wisdom.

A thunder was heard and rolled from on high,  
Atop the mount where holy throne held Him  
To who the angel spake such query bold,  
The Lord descended then prepared to meet  
His unrul'd child, and soothe the tremulous  
Air arisen from an uneasy crowd,  
Their unity by query quick dismantled.  
Cast a stony eye cut from granite brow  
Upon their wimpersome state, and thus he  
Rumbling spake and delivered to angels:

Tempestuous servant, why raise you this?  
On what stone is it cast that high shall hark

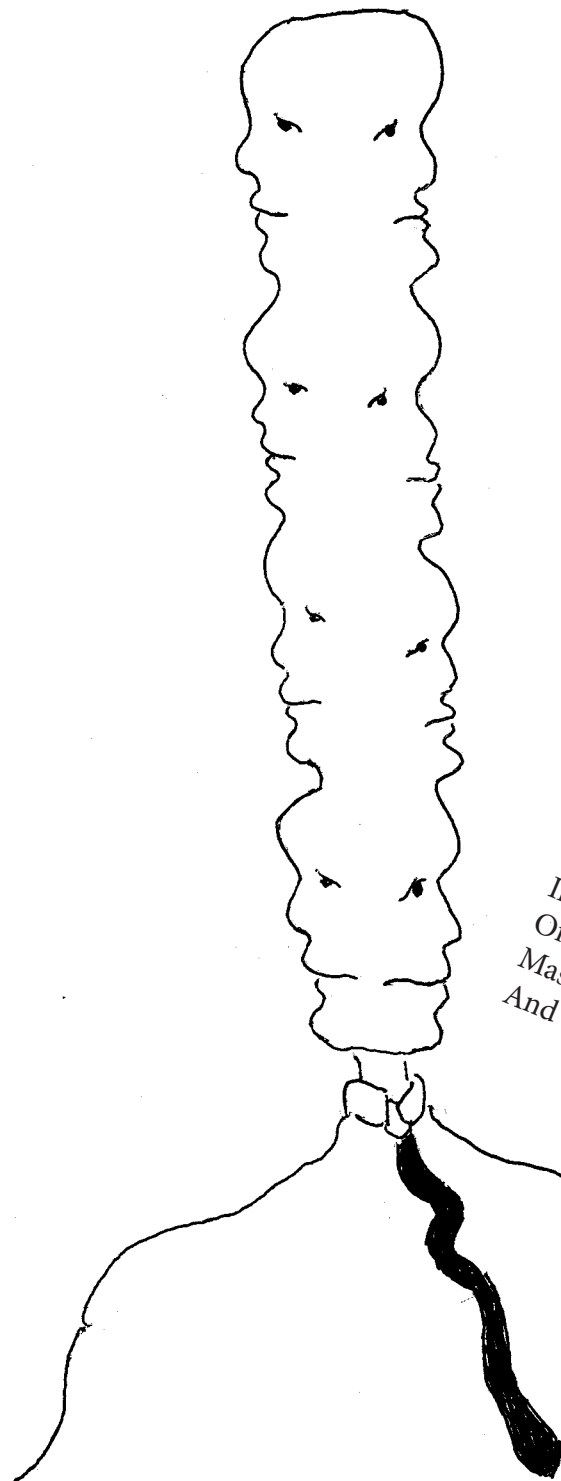
To the call of low? Has my rule chafed you  
So, to doubt of my Judgement? What brothers  
Have you if cowards they be, prescorted  
By my eye in their own. Speak this to me,  
Before I speak My high knowledge to you.  
Quaking ashiver the angel remained  
Resolute in request, off'ring solemn  
Vows of loyalty and service, only  
Wondering to the Creator a favor  
Of comprehension be granted to them  
Who stand under His wisdom and His Light.  
A satisfied Lord responded as thus:  
A devil is so by right of free choice  
As too are angels cropped by decision  
To serve and glory in My Providence  
Rather languish in putrid flames' embrace.



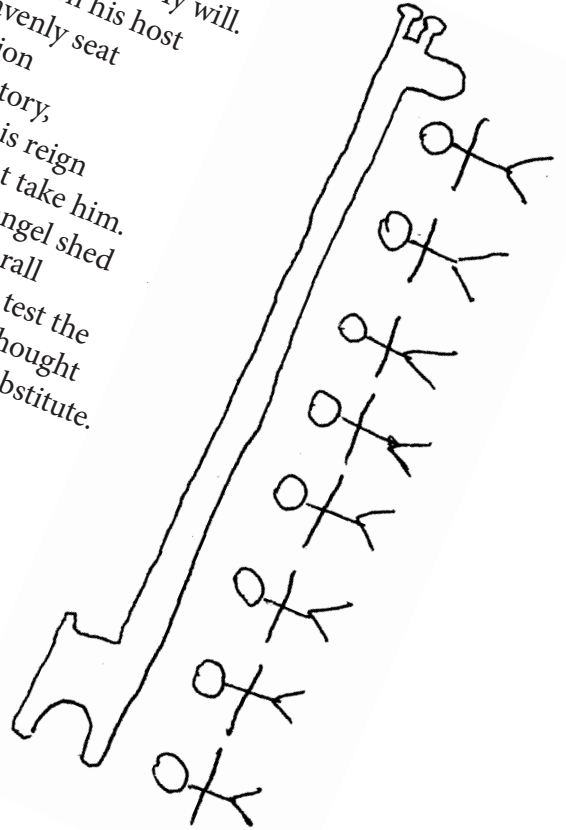
My car in winter:

Buried under three feet of snow and impossible to turn on.





Were will chained or fled from thought's pasture a  
Fiend bound to My throne would twice a fiend be,  
Once for betrayal and twice for falsehood:  
Verity may bark hateful and turbid,  
But it is My Truth bestowed to be right  
In self-condition, for such is how I  
Made them, and thus shall they be 'til I  
In a parting course direct their purpose.  
He who would deny my attribution  
Of fair or foul condition is Satan  
A hundred-fold, for he would thwart My will.  
Impressing a stern gaze upon his host  
The Father returned his heavenly seat  
To govern again the celebration  
Of his most hallowed holy victory,  
Dismissing the recreant from his reign  
To go where better fortune might take him.  
Slinking down and away the angel shed  
Its crafty cloak, in true bearing a thrall  
Of the vanquished host remained to test the  
Mercy of their Judge and divine His thought  
For their strange damnation, death's substitute.  
In frenzied terror the cretin seized the  
Offered escape; fled to the pits of his  
Master to report the Lord's reckoning  
And by that effort aid Satan's congress.



In the shower  
Arbeit Macht Frei  
Lost and self-critical

Peanut Butter:  
I stick the knife alllllll the way in  
Brown & Creamy

Div Threes:

The most memorable part is the colon.

Hastily completed.

Presided over by committee.

# SECTION HATE



↑ by Fiona  
Stewart-Taylor

Libyans: Repressed and Struggling.  
Not Flying.  
Jointly Condemned by NATO.

by Greg Larsen  
(from a song or something)

DADDY? yes, son?  
WHAT DOES REGRET  
MEAN? well, son, the  
funny thing about regret  
is that it's better to  
regret something you  
have done than to  
regret something you  
haven't. Oh, and if you  
see your mom this  
weekend, could you  
let her know that I  
said

SATAN SATAN  
SATAN SATAN  
SATAN SATAN  
SATAN SATAN



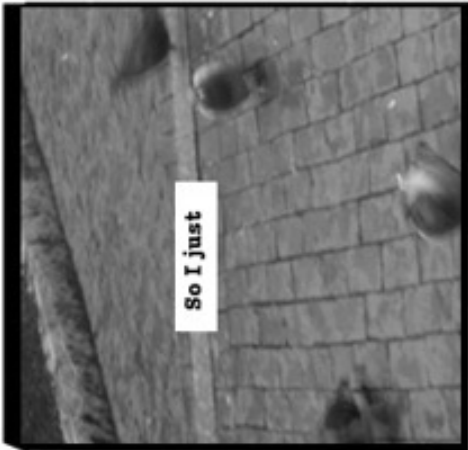
"I like my women like I like my..." jokes:  
 Convoluted.  
 Referential  
 As context for random pairings



submitted by Fiona Stewart-Taylor



asofterworld.com



inspired by e horne and j comeau

Jesus: Thousands of years before the second coming.  
 Bears:  
 Shitting in the woods.  
 Just the skin, laid out on my floor!  
 Napoleon's Army:  
 Starving and stranded in Russia.  
 Commanded by a midget in a big hat.

The Pope:  
 Covering up child abuse.  
 Wears a funny act and gives long speeches.  
 Former Nazi.

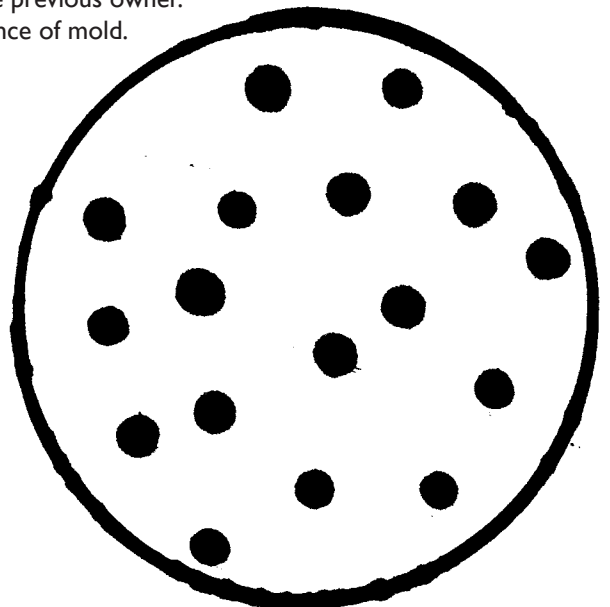
1950s America:  
 Terrified of communists.  
 Forcibly heteronormative.  
 With a pompadour.

Moses: With a burning bush.  
 Making commandments.

Cybersex: I put on my  
 robe and wizard hat.

Agriculture:  
 Genetically Modified.  
 Unfit for human consumption.  
 Subsidized by the government.  
 Turtles:  
 I like turtles.  
 Cancelled after one season.  
 If they have prosthetics, they're not human.  
 Television Sci-Fi:

Cheese:  
 10 years old.  
 Can smell it from across the room.  
 Left in the fridge by the previous owner.  
 Improved by the presence of mold.  
 Cold and sweaty.



Tibet: Annexed by China.

Databases:  
 Key-value pairs  
 Fanfic: Harry Potter m-preg

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THIS

is  
NOT

THE  
OMEN

(it is merely an issue of it)

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